Sister

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Some boys aren't lucky enough to have one. Mine taught me girls aren't good or bad, they smell like us sometimes, and as we grew we gave each other updates from the other side of the line she was tracing with hopscotch chalk and lip gloss. So much more feminine than Mom, who wore pants, didn't shave and would sometimes turn and ask, "Where did she come from?" Dad let her climb on him, even while paying bills. She could almost make him smile.

In our teens I thought we were enemies, but then I felt her hand in mine. I was walking Crab Meadow Beach, she came up from behind and we stepped forward together in silence. That's how it will be when the woman I marry steps into my life. But I'm almost forty now, and I never had a sister.